

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Nasty World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance

TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1896.

NUMBER 84.

Lexington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Arion	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Paris	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Flds	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City	8 19 am	11 40 am
Shelton	8 10 am	11 20 am
Flora	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dandee	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torment	7 24 am	9 35 am
Butt's Jc	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three F's C	6 53 am	8 00 am
Alton	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkton	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Arion	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Paris	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Flds	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Shelton	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Flora	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dandee	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torment	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Butt's Jc	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three F's C	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Alton	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkton	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. D. LIVINGSTON,
Vice Pres. and Gen. Man.
CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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NOVEMBER 1st.

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" 8.00 "	6.00
" 10.00 "	7.00
" 20.00 "	15.00
" 100.00 "	75.00

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Horse Sense.

The country doctor is expected to go whenever called—rain or shine, heat or cold, night or day; sometimes, perhaps, leisurely, but often as quickly as possible, says Youth's Companion. Through all this his horse and himself are constant companions, and share together the joys and sorrows of the road. It is not strange, therefore, that an attachment of more than ordinary intensity often springs up between them, during which the man notes the almost human qualities of the horse.

While quite a boy I knew a horse of such humor and intelligence that he gave me a high opinion of horses in general. Somehow the tricks of old Ball led me to consider horses as almost of kin to human beings, and I have always talked to them and treated them accordingly. Ball, a fine animal belonging to my uncle, who lived on a farm adjoining ours, was a sorrell horse of good size and especially fine head, with heavy neck and shoulders. He had done a great deal of farm work in his time, but was now too old for anything but occasional light service; so he usually had the range of a pasture in front of the house that reached up to the yard fence. There were cattle and sheep in the same pasture.

Ball was noted for his clever and cunning tricks, such as opening gates and doors, pulling down bars and the like, but no one suspected him of playing practical jokes on sheep when one after another was found on the wrong side of the fence. It was by his antics and evident delight whenever a sheep was so found that he attracted attention. A watch was instituted, and soon, when Ball thought no one saw him, he slyly picked up a sheep by the wool with his teeth and dropped it over the fence. Then, going away some distance, he anxiously waited, evidently watching for some one to come out of the house. As soon as he saw that the sheep was discovered he gave a snort and began to run and kick up his heels with delight.

Sometimes he would steal articles and hide them, evidently just for the fun of the thing. One day a heavy maul, such as is used for splitting rails and wood, was left so near the fence that he could reach it. When he supposed that no one saw him he took the maul up with his teeth, carried it to the further side of the field, carefully hid it behind the stump of a tree, and then watched the result. This time he had been seen carrying the maul away, so the men made great ado, pretending to be hunting for it, looking for it in fence corners and behind stumps, while Ball was running, snorting, and kicking up his heels with unbounded delight. Whenever they approached the maul he tried to attract their attention to some other point.

While I have been engaged in the practice of medicine my horses have had no opportunity to perform tricks like these, but many times I have seen exhibitions of intelligence and humor no less marked. One cold, boisterous day last winter horse John was driven up to a post in front of a desolate looking farm house about fourteen miles from home. There was not a tree or object of any kind to break the cold, raw wind, so I covered

John with his blanket, and on top of this threw a buffalo robe, tucking it well under the harness lest the wind should blow it off. But in my care with the blanket and robe, I forgot to fasten John to the post. After I had been inside a few minutes the lady of the house, looking through the window, cried out: "Doctor, there goes your horse."

I hastened to the door only to see John and the buggy making good time homeward, already beyond the reach of my voice. Pretty soon, however, John turned from the road, made a large circuit, more than a hundred yards in diameter, over the smooth prairie, and came back to the post again, where he shook his head often and pranced about to show how intensely he enjoyed the joke. To me, he said, as plainly as a horse could say it:

"Now, didn't I fool you nicely? You thought I was going back without you. Why, I was only playing a practical joke to show how careless you were not to tie my halter. Of course I would not have left you out here alone."

I have known many horses that showed a good degree of humor as well as intelligence, but for good sense I think Frank was a little superior to any other. He was seven years old when I rode for him, and had a bad reputation for running away; but he was a good horse, held his head well up, and was a high stepper. Moreover, he had an intelligent look, and I liked him. Upon inquiry I found that his first runaway was not much to his discredit. A drunken driver had forced him to cross a rickety culvert and allowed him to run the wheels off the planks at one end and up set the buggy, at which he became frightened and ran away. After this he was easily frightened by any unusual noise and confusion behind him.

I at once began the training of my new horse by trying to convince him of two things: First, that I was his friend and would not forsake him on any account; second, that I was fully competent to care for and protect him. How well I succeeded may be guessed when I tell you that I drove him almost every day for seven years and never had a runaway. Sometimes he would be startled, but a gentle word and a firm, steady rein would always reassure him so that no trouble occurred. His experience had taught him to be very cautious about culverts. If one of these seemed to be the least out of repair he would stop, and no amount of coaxing and pushing could induce him to pass over until I had got out and carefully examined it. Then, after I had told him all was right, no matter how rickety the culvert was, he would quietly pass over.

When he first came into my possession he had the habit of frequently throwing his head up, and, as his bridle was some what loose, the brow band would sometimes lodge under the ear. Whenever this happened I would stop him, get out of the buggy and replace it. He soon learned to throw the band up whenever he would like to stop and be petted a little. I might have prevented this at once by making the bridle fit better, but it occurred to me that, with this beginning, I might soon teach him to stop when anything else got wrong. And this I did, so that the least disarrangement of the harness would cause him to stop and wait to have it fixed. Sometimes, however, he would stop when the trouble was not, in my opinion, sufficient to warrant so cautious a procedure.

One day, as I was driving along at a slow trot over a smooth, lonesome road, I dropped the reins over the buggy apron and was becoming quite interested in the reading of a newspaper when Frank suddenly stopped. I looked all around and over him, but could see nothing wrong, so I said with emphasis, "Get up, Frank!" But he stood still, and kept throwing his head up and down. As I sat there with the paper in my hand I looked again, and especially to the bridle, but saw nothing wrong. I now, without taking up the reins, took the whip from its socket, and giving him a sharp cut, repeated my command to go along. This undeserved punishment nettled him very much, but still he would not move forward. After standing for a few moments, as if in deep thought, he suddenly turned to the right

until the wheel on that side touched the buggy. Then again he stood stock still, only throwing his head as before. I now took up the reins and pulled with the left hand to bring him back into the road, when, to my astonishment, I found that the rein on that side, which had been fastened with a snap, was unfastened. When I got out to fasten it Frank squealed. I believe a horse never squeals unless he is excited. I never heard Frank squeal before, but he now not only squealed but shook his head, pawed the ground and manifested his delight by every means that he could command. As we afterward moved along homeward, several times, as the thought would come to his mind afresh, he shook his head and squealed for joy.

When such evidences of thought and and purpose, such humor and intelligence, are seen in horses, the line of demarcation between animal instinct and human reason becomes almost obliterated. Frank had decided that by turning to the right the left rein would have to be pulled to get him back into the road, and that I should then discover the rein to be unfastened. He certainly had reasoned, and reasoned intricately.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN
or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$7.00, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago. 22-48

Didn't Like Kentucky.

An old gray horse, so bony that he could hardly cast a shadow, performed a marvelous feat the other afternoon that was witnessed by several people. The horse belongs to a man named Barney, at Springfield. He bought it of Branch a few weeks ago. The animal immediately took sick on being taken to Kentucky. Mrs. Barney drove it over here a time or two, and just as soon as the horse would get on this side of the river he would get so frisky and coltish he was almost unmanageable. It was the hardest kind of work to get him on the ferryboat to go back to Kentucky. Over there the horse was not fit for anything.

Barney came over to see Branch about trading the horse back to him. As they were standing on the street talking about the trade the old horse came running down the bank on the Kentucky side of the river, and, plunging into the water, struck out for the Ohio shore. He headed direct for Branch's place of business.

Everybody who saw the horse start to swim the river thought sure he would drown, but he didn't. The way he shoved his nose through the water was astonishing. In less time than you could row a skiff across the river the horse had reached the Ohio shore. He swam out near the foot of Madison street and came up the bank on a canter and stopped at Branch's. Barney made his trade.—Portsmouth (O.) Times.

Thanksgiving Services.

On Thanksgiving morning, at ten o'clock, there will be a thanksgiving service of prayer and song at the Christian church. All the members of the different churches are asked to be present and participate. Let everybody attend this service and spend an hour in holy thanksgiving and praise to God for His manifold blessings and mercies during the past year, and invoke His constant care and keeping through the year to come. Surely all are thankful for something, and attribute all blessings to Him who is the source of all things. Do not forget the hour or the place—10 o'clock, Thanksgiving morning, at the Christian church.

Rev. L. E. Mann, pastor of the M. E. church, requests the members of his congregation to join in the above service and make it one of general thanksgiving for all denominations.

Would it be asking too much that all the stores and places of business be closed from 10 until 11 o'clock? Let this be done.

The outlay in running this paper is far beyond what many think, and it takes cash to pay printers, buy paper, pay postage and buy ink. Hand in that dollar you owe and you will help the cause. Don't try to beat the printer out of his just dues.

NEWS NUGGETS.

The Bolivia chamber of deputies has recognized the Cubans as belligerents.

A high car step, no platform, and an injured knee are the basis of a \$5,000 damage suit instituted at Urbana, Ohio, against the Big Four company by Emma Caldwell.

A crank at Chicago started out to kill Mayor Swift, after which he intended to go to Canton, Ohio, and deal out death to McKinley. He was captured and locked up.

The members of the Bryan free silver club, of Urbana, Ohio, have decided to make the club a permanent organization, and keep up the silver agitation for the next four years.

Lineas Smith, a prosperous and prominent farmer living near Murfreesboro, Tenn., attempted suicide last week because he feared starvation under the single gold standard.

Two masked men entered the Chicago and Great Western railway depot, at Maywood, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, armed with revolvers, and after securing \$1.0 made their escape.

Gomez, the Cuban general, is said to expect that he will eat his Christmas dinner in Havana. If he does, it isn't probable that General Weyler will be either his host or his guest.

Two thieves entered a jeweler's office in the Masonic temple, at Chicago, bucked and gagged him and his clerk, secured \$1,000 worth of jewels and \$100 in money and escaped. Over 2,000 people were in the building at the time.

The board of aldermen of New York city has under consideration an ordinance regarding a curfew bell. It provides that all children under 16 years of age shall be indoors after 8 o'clock in winter and 9 o'clock in summer.

Two young men at St. John, Mich., soaked a lot of wheat in alcohol and strewed it around the court house grounds. Then they gathered in bags upward of 400 inebriated sparrows and gathered the bounty on them also.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, the salvation army has come out in a new role. Army recruits will patrol the city at all hours and whenever a drunken person is found he will be taken to the barracks and kept there until sober, when he will be dismissed with a lecture on the evils of strong drink.

The biggest cattle trade made in west Texas for some time was consummated last week by disposing of the ranch and all the cattle belonging to the estate of the late Dr. J. B. Taylor, for the sum of \$60,000. There are supposed to be 5,200 head of cattle, and they averaged in price \$10 a head.

A farmer in Ohio has his house lighted and heated with electricity. The electric plant is a small one, cost \$1,000, and the electricity is generated by a windmill. The windmill revolves, the power is stored up, and after the creation of the plant there is no expense, so clean, easy and neat. And this is a peep into the farms of the future.

The gold brick swindle was successfully worked at Duquoin, Ill., a few days ago. John A. Bolin, at one time a representative in the state legislature, purchased two bricks from an Indian just from the western gold field, paying him \$1,500. A well dressed stranger, claiming to be an assayer, pronounced them genuine gold, charging \$3 for the information. The assayer and Indian have disappeared.

An Offer to Bryan.

Charles D. Lane, the millionaire gold mine owner, who spent \$100,000 in the silver campaign in California and paid the expenses of the coast delegates to the silver convention, will, if William J. Bryan decides to carry on a campaign of education in the interests of silver, see that only are his traveling expenses paid, but that his family is provided for while the ex-candidiate is stumping the country. Mr. Lane has made no offer to Mr. Bryan, but will stand by his declaration.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

BY CY WARMAN.



WE were in the hospital together, Wilson and I—in the same ward. I was ill from the effects of bucking snow in the mountains, and he had been hurt in a collision in the Trinidad yards. He was the traveling engineer of the road, and while he was asleep in Col. Ricker's special standard gauge engine had crashed into the car and Wilson had his right leg broken above the knee. Dr. O'Connor, the chief surgeon, had rigged a pulley at the foot of Wilson's bed and was pulling his leg. A piece of bell cord was fastened to the patient's foot, passed over the pulley and loaded down with as many weights as the house surgeon considered necessary. Wilson was 30 years old, and the process of knitting the bone together was extremely painful. It grew so serious that at one time we were alarmed. The sufferer was thrown into a fever and talked "out of his head." Away in the night, when the nurse nodded against the wall, Wilson, delirious, told me some wonderful tales. My friend's attendant was an Italian, who seemed to rejoice in the moans of the inmates of the institution. Sometimes when the place was still and he thought I was asleep, he would hang an extra weight on Wilson's string, and then when the patient's moans had put the mafia to sleep I would steal over and take it off. Often since, when I have seen Wilson limping, I have thought seriously on what I did, for the more weight the patient bore the longer his leg would be, and it was a full half an inch short when he was able to walk; but it was hard for me to see him suffer so and to hear him moan.

"Frank," said I one day, when he was able to sit up in bed, "you used to tell the best Indian stories when the fever was high that I ever heard."

When I had retold some of them to him he took off his glasses and declared that what he had said in his delirium was wholly true. He had been the engineer on the construction train which laid the track of the Kansas Pacific. "I have often run 50 miles without being out of the sight of buffalo," said he, "I have seen a single band that made a procession so long that you could see neither the head nor the tail of the herd. They were interesting, but not so much so as the Indians were. I remember one morning our conductor took a rifle and went out to shoot a buffalo for breakfast. Our camp was in a little valley along one side of which ran a high chalk bluff. We had seen no Indians for nearly a week, and so were getting careless. The conductor was stalking a herd, hugging the bluffs, when he was surprised by a band of Indians, who began to shower arrows at him from the top of the wall. He must have seen that they could not descend so steep a cliff, but instead of retreating across the open vale out of the reach of their arrows, he sought refuge under the bluff. Here, for a time, he was secure. A line



BEGAN TO POUR LEAD INTO THEM.

of redskins stood upon the wall ready to fill his back full of arrows the moment he started to fly, while others with clubs, tomahawks and rocks began the work of crumbling the shelf-like wall away in order to reach their victim. For nearly an hour the wild yells of the bloodthirsty hair lifters filled his ears and froze his blood. At first the falling debris dropped some feet in front of him, but as the Indians by constant stamping and beating wore the projecting shelf away the broken rock began to pile high in front of him, and rolling about his feet threatened to bury him alive. Now the red villains, hanging over the wall, began to send arrows at him. The cloud of dust made by the falling rock and dirt made it impossible for the conductor to use his rifle when the Indians poked their painted faces over the wall. The most he could do was to discharge his rifle at random occasionally to show them that he was still alive and fighting. Almost before he was aware of

it he found himself a prisoner. The bits of rock had piled up about his feet until he found it impossible to move. There was nothing new to hope for, as he knew well that his tormentors would never give over the fight until he was either killed by an arrow or buried alive.

"What the poor fellow thought or how he felt in the face of this crisis we may not know.

"When an hour had gone by and he did not return a party went to look for him. In a little while we came within sight of the band of murderers on the cliff and readily guessed that the conductor was besieged.

"Spurring our horses to a dead run we charged the band, and when within rifle range began to pour the lead into them. For a time they withstood the storm bravely, but never an arrow was aimed at us.

"An Indian would hang over the wall, two or three of his companions holding on to his feet, and send a poisoned arrow after the conductor. Some of them were wounded or killed by our bullets, but that seemed to make them the more determined to kill the prisoner. We were by no means anxious to approach within reach of their arrows, but the problem of rescuing the conductor was now becoming a serious one. Even now he might be dead, for we could neither see nor hear him, so great was the din and the dust. Finding it impossible to drive the red devils away from their murderous work our commander ordered us to charge, and galloping up to within 100 yards of the bluff we halted, and taking deliberate aim, let fly a shower of lead that sent a



WITH THE CHALK FROM THE BLUFF PILED AROUND HIM.

half dozen Indians to the earth. At that moment an Indian who had just discharged an arrow at the imprisoned conductor leaped to his feet and gave an exultant yell. Instantly the whole band, taking up the cry, disappeared behind the edge of the cliff. Leaving a majority of our force on guard the captain and I approached toward the point at which the Indians had been aiming their arrows. So dense was the cloud of dust that hung about the hill in the still morning air, that we were unable, for a time, to locate the unfortunate man. To all our calls he made no reply, and we knew that he was beyond human aid. When we finally found him he was still standing upright with the chalk from the bluff piled above his waist. A number of arrows were sticking in his arms and shoulders. Only one small end of one arrow stood above his coat. It had entered just behind his collar bone, near the left side of his neck, and passing downward the point of it had pierced his heart. His head hung upon his breast while his helpless hands rested upon the rocks that had been heaped around him. It would be as impossible for me to describe the expression on the dead man's face as it has been for me to forget it. It was a sight to take out of a white man's heart any whit of Christian sympathy he may have harbored there for his red brother. It was hard to look upon there, but when we had carried the poor fellow's body back to his home and bore it up to the door of a little white cottage, to the very spot upon which he had kissed his wife and baby 'good-by,' only a few days before, it was harder still.

"When his gray-haired mother bent her stiff knees beside the dead man; when his wife wept over his coffin, and his blue-eyed baby stood staring at the cold white face, unable to understand, there crept into my heart a feeling of bitter hatred for those red devils which I am afraid I shall never be able to overcome," and the sick man sighed and turned away his face to hide whatever he had in his eyes.—Atlanta Constitution.

At the Street Telescope.

The Professor—You are now gazing, sir, on that wonderful planet, Saturn.

The Seeker After Science—And what is that smooth, broad belt running all round it?

(Rising to the occasion): "Hemi! That, sir, is the track of the Saturn Bicycle club."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Politically Put.

"So you and my daughter have concluded to get engaged, have you?" said the happy parent, as he shook his prospective son-in-law by the hand.

"Yes," said the airy young politician, "me and Mary have concluded to fuse."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—The primrose is nothing but the prime rose, an allusion to the early flowering of the plant in spring.

FRESH BEEF TONGUE.

Several Nice Ways of Serving It to Make a Piquant Dish.

Most people know tongue only in its smoked state, or potted in true British fashion. But it is worth while to make its acquaintance while it is fresh. A good-sized fresh tongue will cost about 50 cents. Have it well trimmed about the root and well washed and wiped. Put it into a kettle of boiling water—it will be tasteless if cooked in clear water—and with it put half a carrot, cut into dice, an onion peeled and sliced, half a dozen whole cloves and the same of whole peppers, half a bay leaf, a stick of celery and two sprays of parsley. Let the tongue simmer slowly in the stock for two hours; at the end of this time drain it. The stock may be used for a Julienne soup. Skin the tongue as soon as you take it up.

The success of this dish depends a good deal upon the garnishing and the sauce with which it is served. It is excellent served with macaroni and a tomato sauce, or with a piquant sauce and cucumber pickles. It may also be served on a bed of spinach, which has been properly boiled and chilled, then chopped fine and browned with a tablespoonful of butter and a gill of gravy. A delightful French method of serving a tongue is with chicken quenelles and mushrooms, and another delicious method is that called "risotto" by the Italians, with hot rice cooked in stock a la Milanaise, with a seasoning of mushrooms and a little grated cheese. To serve with risotto, prepare the rice while the tongue is boiling. Fry a small onion, which has been finely minced in two tablespoonfuls of butter; then add slowly a quart of white stock, three minced mushrooms and a cup of well-washed rice. When the rice has boiled slowly for a quarter of an hour add six minced mushrooms and another quart of stock. Season the rice with an even teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper, and let it cook a quarter of an hour longer. Add about three tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. Have the rice on a platter, with the tongue in the center, and pass around grated cheese.

For tongue with chicken quenelles, prepare the quenelles while it is boiling. A quenelle is a force meat ball which is poached in stock or water and used by itself as an entree or as a garnish for a dish of meat or a soup. Chicken quenelles are made of the heart of the chicken. Though other portions may be used, they do not make so nice a looking dish. Pound fine the raw heart of one chicken, after first chopping the meat; add half a set of calf's brains which have been well washed and boiled 20 minutes in salted water. Pound all together and rub through a sieve, season with a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and nutmeg, if you wish. Cook two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs in half a gill of cream for a few moments, till they are soft. Mix them with the rest of the force meat, adding a tablespoonful of butter; add also two tablespoonfuls of thick jellied veal stock and the yolks and whites of two eggs. Make force meat into a mass, then set it aside to cool. When it is cold, shape it in oblong balls with two spoons dipped in boiling water. Heap it in one hot spoon, and press the other over it, turning from one to the other until it is evenly shaped. When all the quenelles are ready, put them gently, one by one, into boiling hot stock, which is merely throwing up little bubbles at the sides. The stock must be sufficient to cover the force meat balls. Cover, and let them cook for about ten minutes. If the water boils violently, the balls will be cooked to pieces. Serve them around the tongue with a mushroom sauce.

If you wish it for a luncheon dish, cut the tongue in thin slices, and alternate four of these slices with a chicken quenelle. Serve with rich allemande sauce. This is made by melting two teaspoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and mixing in three teaspoonfuls of flour; add slowly a pint of hot white stock. Let the mixture simmer slowly for a quarter of an hour. Then beat the yolks of three eggs and pour a little of the hot mixture over them. Add, finally, the remainder of the sauce, stirring all the time. Squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and add a heaping teaspoonful of butter. It makes a delicious dish.—Boston Herald.

The Ring of the Anvil.

An experienced blacksmith is very cranky about the sort of anvil he uses. The wrought-iron anvil gives a ringing sound under the stroke of the hammer, and this, by tradition, is thought to indicate the right quality. An old anvil sometimes brings a high price in the market on account of its ring. A majority of the best anvils are made by one firm in Brooklyn, N. Y. There are many new ideas in anvils, but after trying them, the good smith goes back to the hand-made wrought-iron anvil, and is satisfied to use it as long as he swings a hammer.—N. Y. Ledger.

Be True to Personal Duty.

There is a general disposition to measure ourselves by others. So far as duty is concerned, nothing could be more dangerous. We lack the data for an absolutely correct estimate of others. Possibly we may correctly judge. But what others do or neglect to do, at least apart from relations to us, really does not determine or modify our duty. What is due from me? What ought I to do? These are the vital and pertinent questions for each individual.—Detroit Free Press.

STORIES OF NANSEN'S CREW.

Polar Bears Too Familiar When the Fram Was Frozen In.

As is only natural, all the people of Tromsø take the liveliest interest in the Nansen expedition, more especially as three men of the ship's complement, viz., Pilot Jakobsen and two sailors, belong to this port. So any of the Fram's men who happen to be about is always surrounded by a knot of eager listeners, to whom he has to recount his adventures, often illustrating his meaning by a rough sketch with a piece of chalk or a pencil. The men are all good-natured fellows, and seem willing enough to talk, and many is the exciting discussion as to whether the Fram should have entered the ice north or south of the New Siberian islands and so forth. Here are some of the yarns which have delighted the Tromsø people:

In the perpetual darkness of winter, in the desolate polar regions, we could hardly see our hands before our faces. One night, when the ship's company were snug below, we suddenly heard the dogs barking most furiously. It was the ship's carpenter Mogstad's watch, so we went up on deck to see if anything unusual was going on, but as we could see nothing, we went down below again, concluding that the dogs were just barking for the sake of barking, as is their wont. However, the noise was repeated at intervals, so we went up on deck again, and, taking a lantern, saw that several of the animals had disappeared, and that some others were overboard on the ice. Mogstad called out for Henriksen, and they both let themselves down on the ice from the deck of the ship, which at the time was high above the ice surface. They walked off a little distance from the ship, to see if they could find any tracks.

As they were searching about, with no more formidable weapon than a small lantern between them. All at once a polar bear sprang up before them. Then there was a race between the three—the two men and the bear—to the ship. Mogstad, a bit more lightfooted than his mate, reached the Fram first, but fell down twice on the ice as he was climbing up her side. At the second fall he could not help muttering to himself: "Now the bear's got you, my friend." But despair steadied his nerves, and he managed to hoist himself safely up behind the ship's bulwarks. He had hardly got on board, however, when he heard his comrade call out and saw that the bear had got hold of him, and had bitten him. But Henriksen, who is a big, powerful, resolute fellow, dealt his assailant such a blow on the head with the lighted lantern he was carrying that the brute, half stunned and half scared, let go its prey, and Henriksen seized the opportunity to skip up the Fram's side. The bear revenged itself by seizing one of the dogs. On a closer investigation being made, it was found that the bear had paid two visits to the ship during the night, creeping in through an open port hole, and had carried off a dog each time.

One day when Nansen and Johansen had to pass along a somewhat narrow path they were suddenly attacked by a bear. Johansen, who is a man of extraordinary strength, caught hold of the enemy's throat with a grip of iron, and held him at arm's length till Nansen was able to get his rifle and lay the bear low. North of 84 degrees no animal life was found to exist, and this would seem to cast some discredit on the hitherto prevalent theory that if a sufficiently high latitude could be attained one would come to dry land and open water, because birds are to be seen flying toward the extreme north. This northerly flight of the birds is now believed to be caused by their having lost their way on being blown out of their course. One day at 82 degrees altitude a seal was perceived from on board the Fram, with a flounder in its mouth. On the approach of the vessel, the seal went up away over the ice. A flounder was also observed about 11 miles from Bear island. The depth of the water in the extreme north also seems to indicate that there can be no land near. Soundings taken at 84 degrees latitude gave a depth of from 1,310 to 1,530 fathoms (2,400 to 2,800 meters) and farther north the lead reached even greater depths—as much as 2,186 fathoms (4,000 meters), it is said.—Cor. London Standard.

A Significant Misprint.

It is probably owing to the scarcity of Turkish calendars and Turkish scholars in this country, writes a correspondent, that no notice has been taken of the exceedingly curious misprint that occurs on the leaf dedicated to September 7, the anniversary of the accession of the present sultan. By a trivial misplacement of dots below a word instead of above it the sentence that should have run "Day full of happiness; the twentieth anniversary of the accession to the throne of H. I. M. Sultan Hamid II." stands instead as "Day charged with grief!" When one remembers the massacres that occurred a few days previously the coincidence of such an entry in the calendar is certainly worthy of notice. The sultan thought so, too, apparently, for several arrests were made in the establishment of the printer, these calendars being all printed by the sultan's chief bookbinder, who, though himself an Armenian, has been fortunate enough to escape suspicion. All those who saw Pera, Galata and Stamboul on the night of the sultan's fête on September 7 must have truly agreed with the calendar's prophecy of a "Day charged with grief."—London World.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Dabe Harris, of Ragsdale, Ky., is the champion squirrel killer. He was out last week three times and bagged 117 squirrels and never fired his gun but 123 times. He sold the squirrels for ten cents each, which brought him in \$11.70.

—While the late Enoch Pratt, of Baltimore, was most generous, he had a number of pet economies. He was in the habit of walking between his home and his bank, and when some one suggested that he ought to use the street car, as the fare was only five cents, he rejoined: "Only five cents? Don't you know, sir that \$100 will have to work nearly a week to earn that five cents?"

—Sarony, the veteran photographer of New York, whose name is almost as well known in London as in the city of his adoption, is getting about again after an illness that has prostrated him the last two years. He is credited with a wonderful memory for faces, and it is said he will remember a sitter years after the portrait was taken, and will recollect, moreover, what sort of picture was turned out.

—A farmer of North Dakota a few days ago drove across the boundary line into Manitoba with a load of oats, which he sold to a dealer for nine cents per bushel. The custom-house officer learned of it and arrested him for not paying any duty. The farmer said that he thought since Laurier's election there was free trade between this country and Canada. But he had to put up ten cents per bushel for his oats all the same.

—Prince Khilkoff, Russian minister of ways and communications, who is now on a tour of inspection over the Siberian railway, will extend his journey to Japan in connection with the establishment of a Russo-Japanese steamship line in far eastern waters. He will return to Russia via San Francisco, New York, London, Paris and Berlin. When this now distinguished Russian minister was last seen in the United States, many years ago, he was employed as a locomotive engineer on one of the Chicago lines.

SHE TIPS HER GRAY FEDORA.

New Woman Salutes Friends on State Street Man Fashion.

The new woman who has adopted the very latest wrinkle in newness has come to town. She was abroad on State street the other day. She was dressed in a blazer suit of steel gray, wore thick-soled shoes and heavy gloves and carried an umbrella done up in a leather covering. Her face was intelligent and very fair to look upon. Certain lines of griminess were discernible, however, but they were probably the effect of the severe style of dressing the hair, which was combed high on the head and bore no trace of crinkle, wave or puff.

But there were many women on State street who were dressed just that way, and she would probably have passed in the crowd without attracting a second look from anyone had she not met a couple of friends. They raised their hats. The gray-robed beauty smiled upon them serenely, then gracefully lifted her neatly-gloved hand and tipped her gray fedora with as much grace as if she had been to the manner born. The fluffy little creature who was with her blushed and shrank back in dismay.

"My gracious!" she cried. "What in the world did you do that for? What'll they think?"

"Think? Why, they won't think anything," was the cool rejoinder. "They'll get used to it after awhile. In my opinion, saluting by raising the hat is a courtesy that should not be confined to men alone. Women are entitled to the privilege just as much as the opposite sex. I know several girls who have already adopted the custom, and before another month is ended you'll forget to blush and cry out in remonstrance against the habit. Of course, with the outlandish headgear usually worn raising the hat is an impossibility, and right here is where the utility of the fedora comes in. With that it is the easiest thing in the world.

"It isn't necessary to lift the hat clear off the head. Just stick the point through the front, instead of the back, and then tip it gently from behind. It makes me feel as if I am really somebody."—Chicago Chronicle.

What Discouraged Him.

The ambitious mother was disappointed, and she showed it.

"He's worth not less than a million," she said to her daughter, "and you let him get away from you."

"I couldn't help it, mamma," pleaded the daughter. "I gave him all the encouragement I could."

"Encouragement!" exclaimed the mother, with a scornful laugh. "Encouragement! You forget that you let him see you in bloomers and a bicycle face. Cupid couldn't have stood that in Psyche."—Chicago Post.

Whittier's Large Fortune.

Whittier left \$250,000, though for his earlier poems he received nothing. Lowell, on the other hand, published his first poems at his own expense, and to the end his income from them was small; and it was only in the closing ten or fifteen years of his life that Browning, who had a similar experience with his first volume, received anything from his poems.—Chicago Tribune.

THE FARMING WORLD.

WORTH THINKING ABOUT.

There should be Farming as well as Commercial Firms.

The business of farming, when we stop to think of it, is seen to be carried on almost exclusively by individuals. To recognize this fact is sufficient to induce more thinking—a good deal more. Here is a condition novel and peculiar. In all other important lines of business men combine together. But the firm of Farmer & Co., is hardly ever heard of. Why should there not be farming firms as well as firms of manufacturers, brokers, lawyers or merchants? Farmers are modest and take back seats, although theirs is the oldest and greatest industry, the most important business of all. How much they might do that now falls short of accomplishment, if they would join hands more and shun each other less.

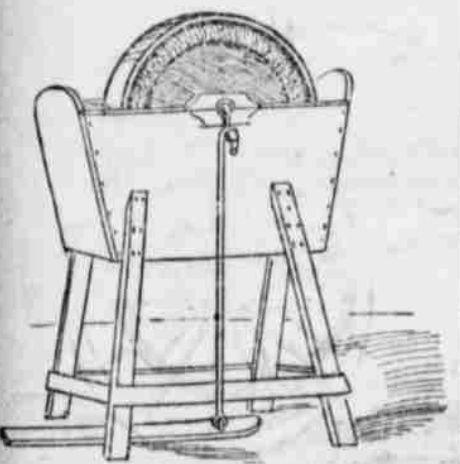
A farmer owns a large farm, but has hardly any working capital. His next neighbor has very little land, but plenty of money. There is a chance for partnership by which both may profit. A farmer has a good farm and knows well by experience how to manage it, but is unable to do the hard work. He knows a man who has no practical knowledge of farming, but he has health and strength, is anxious to learn and willing to labor. These two men should be able to come to an agreement to run the farm together. A farmer has more land than he can take care of. His boy, having reached his majority, is about to leave—he doesn't know when or for what. Why doesn't the father take the boy into partnership and keep him at home? A farmer is growing old and cannot carry on his farm himself. Hiring help is unsatisfactory. He will sell or rent the old farm, and he and his wife, with sorrowful hearts, will fairly retreat into a city. Better take as a partner on the farm an honest man with youth and strength. Then he and his wife might spend their declining years where they could take comfort.

Aside from farming on shares, it is a remarkable fact that scarcely anything like partnership exists in general farming. In a land where many are always unemployed, this ought not to be, for labor is a great factor in farming. In the farm firm, not only land, stock, machinery and money, but honesty, youth, health, strength and enthusiasm count in the investment. S. B. Kench, in N. Y. Tribune.

USEFUL FARM MACHINE.

It Separates Sunflower Seeds from the Heads Neatly and Quickly.

Whoever undertakes to pound out 50 bushels of sunflower seeds with a flail, will find it a slow and tedious job. The waste will be large by reason of the seeds that will remain in small pieces of the shell. A simple machine, which will do the work rapidly and effectively, may be constructed by almost any farmer, at a very trifling expense. Build a frame exactly like that for a grindstone. Make it complete with friction wheels, treadle and arbor, but instead of the stone, hang a wheel made of two-inch plank, and about three feet in diameter. Drive nails through the wheel, parallel to the axis, allowing



SUNFLOWER SEED SEPARATOR.

them to project about half an inch on each side. Don't be afraid of using too many, but drive them so thick and close together that in the outer six inches you cannot touch the wheel with your finger, being careful to have the ends project evenly. Bind the wheel with a heavy iron tire, to preserve an even motion, and the machine is complete. To use it, start the wheel with the treadle, letting it revolve towards you. Then take a sunflower head in each hand and hold them against the protruding nails. Hardly an instant will be required to shell off the seeds. Some operators can work more rapidly by alternating; that is, holding a head first with one hand and then with the other. This will depend upon practice, but by either method, a man will have little difficulty in shelling 12 or 15 bushels in an hour. Another style of machine has a cylinder, studded with spikes, instead of a wheel. This will do the work fully as well, but requires more power. When used as fuel, the stalks and seed cups of the sunflower will last about as long as a similar amount of pine; but the quantity of heat given off is much greater. Sunflower seeds must be stored in barrels, or small bins, and closely watched, or they may heat.—C. O. Ormsbee, in Orange Judd Farmer.

The mule is a good deal better animal than is usually reckoned, and its breeding has paid well in the past. For farm work the mule is excellent.

CHAMPION WOOLMAKER.

Dearest, Biggest and Wooliest Ram on Earth Just Sold.

Behold a fine likeness of the most distinguished member of one of the most useful families in the world.

He is the champion Merino ram President, and was recently bought in Sydney, New South Wales, for the enormous price of \$8,400. This is believed to be the largest price ever paid for a ram. His championship is therefore an honor, which he claims from the whole world. If any American ram has any claims to make let him step forward and state them.

In size and in quantity and quality of wool he surpasses any ram now before the public. His horns are also remarkable for size and symmetry, and would make a fine household ornament, but his



CHAMPION RAM OF THE WORLD.

owner hopes that it will be long before they suffer that fate, for the ram should have many years of activity before him.

It is not easy to decide which of the many species of domestic animals is the most valuable to man, but it is not difficult to make out a good case for the sheep. We have many substitutes for the flesh of the ox, but the wool of the sheep seems almost indispensable. The world would be very uncomfortable if it had to go in cotton, and that is the only other clothing material which the majority of men can afford.

We should therefore gaze with deep respect upon this magnificent ram and the abundant coat which envelops him. Shorn of this once a year he will supply hundreds of human beings with warm and comfortable clothing. From his wool will be woven the coats which cover the backs of statesmen, of dandies and horny-handed sons of toil, and also the more intimate garments which lie next to the skin and preserve them from the deadly cold. He will also have a part in furnishing bloomers to the new woman.

Not only will he personally yield all this wool, but he has already founded a large family of sheep who will compete with him in usefulness. — N. Y. Journal.

THE CARE OF HONEY.

Do Not Store It in the Cellar or Any Other Damp Place.

Now that you have got some honey from the bees, look out that it isn't spoiled by improper care. By some perversity of human nature, the universal practice of the inexperienced seems to be to put honey for safe keeping in the cellar. Hard to find a worse place. In a cool, damp place honey is sure to collect moisture and become thin. The next thing after becoming thin is for comb honey to ooze through the cappings and have a watery look, and this can never be remedied afterward. If the honey is extracted, and the matter has not gone too far, the honey can be brought back to good condition by being put in the right kind of a place. If continued long enough in the cool, damp place, the next step is for the honey to become vinegar. Honey vinegar is the very best, but that's another story, and just now we're trying to keep from it.

The best place for honey is in a warm, airy place. Warm anyhow, for the air will generally take care of itself. Dry and airy is what is wanted, and when you get a warm place its pretty sure to be dry. A good place is right up against the roof in the garret, where it is so hot you can hardly stand it. Honey has kept in a garret right through two or three years in perfect condition in comb, which would have been candied if kept in almost any other place. No matter if the garret is quite close, the intense heat seems to make up for it.

Put your extracted honey in a hot garret, and even if it is a little thin it will thicken up all right. Let it be in crocks or shallow vessels, uncovered so far as may be with safety against mice, flies, etc. Flies may be kept out by a covering of mosquito netting or cheese cloth, which will still allow evaporation. — Journal of Agriculture.

Ducks in the Southern States.

The south is the land for ducks. In Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and several other southern states, there are hundreds of lakes, rivers, creeks and bayous that are natural harbors for ducks. In many of the states named the wild ducks gather and forage and in the late fall and winter season, affording fine sport for the huntsman. In the more thickly settled and cultivated sections of the south the streams and lakes still exist, but the wild ducks have forsaken them because of the too frequent appearance of man and the fixtures and appliances of modern life. It is the duty, then, of the home-builder to restock the waterways with ducks. — Southern Farm.

A LACK OF LIONS.

It is Now Found Necessary to Preserve the King of Beasts in India.

British hunters of large game are bitterly lamenting the gradual extinction of lions in India.

They are no longer found there in any number outside of one region, the forest of Gir in Kathiawar, says an English exchange. They have disappeared from the hills of Barda, the country of Pajkot, and other places which formerly enjoyed a high reputation on account of the abundance of lions in them.

In the forest of Gir it is feared that their extinction will not be long delayed. Formerly few European hunters dared to venture into this place, which was infested with fevers and bandits. Now the forest is being cleared and fevers and bandits are disappearing and with them the lions.

To prevent the total extinction of these animals the durbar of Kathiawar has prevented the hunting of them for six years.

PERFECT HEALTH.

How It May Be Obtained by All.

An Interesting Bit of History as Told by a Traveling Man.

From the World, Cleveland, Ohio.

After an extended trip lasting several months and embracing many points of interest throughout the West and South, Mr. George Lockhart, of Hudson, Ohio, returned home a few days ago. He is bright and genial as ever and looks as if his long holiday had thoroughly agreed with him.

Mr. Lockhart's business during his travels took him frequently to Hot Springs and other health resorts. He does not appear to have been very favorably impressed with the peculiarities of life at such places, nor with the benefits received by the patients. "Men go there to get cured of disease," says he, "they take one hot bath in the morning and spend the rest of the day generally in drinking, gambling and general dissipation. How they can expect to recover under such treatment passes my comprehension. But they are, as a rule, what the world calls good fellows, free with their money and bent on enjoying themselves."

"With one man, however, whom I met at such a place I formed what I hope will prove a permanent friendship. I am indebted to him for benefits which have left on my mind a feeling of the strongest gratitude. I was, as you know, not at all well. A slight lameness in my right leg, contracted about a year ago, had gradually become worse until I was compelled to go around on crutches all the time. Then my general health failed, until in the latter part of the summer I had about concluded to come home to die. Such a state of affairs as you will easily understand, was anything but comfortable. I was, in fact, neither more nor less than a helpless invalid, a nuisance to myself and every body around me. It was at this juncture that one day on the train I fell into conversation with the man I mention. He recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so. You see the result?"

And Mr. Lockhart expanded his broad chest and smiled. "Look here," he continued, as he took off his hat and holding it on a level with his head, kicked it easily with the foot that used to be lame. "No better picture of perfect health and abounding animal spirits could be wished for than this one-time invalid."

"My future movements are uncertain," said Mr. Lockhart at parting. "I will remain in Hudson for some time, but before the summer is over I expect to make a visit to Europe."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

His hat was large, but—joyous truth!—Revenge was waiting there. Before her sat a youthful youth With a head of flaming hair. — Washington Star.

NOW IS THE TIME.

To Plan for Your Trip to California This Winter.

On November 4th the Wabash R. R., in connection with the A. T. & S. F., will inaugurate a line of vestibuled sleeping cars between St. Louis and Los Angeles, Cal., without change. These sleepers will leave St. Louis every Wednesday and Saturday nights at 9:15, arriving Los Angeles Friday and Monday at 6:05 p. m. For full particulars write to E. S. SWART, S. P. A., Wabash R. R., Room 39 Carey Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, or L. S. McCLELLAN, D. C., Wabash R. R., American Nat'l Bank Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Yocco Mr. Punctuality was on a mountain top. He pulled out his watch. "Ah!" said he, "if the sun doesn't rise in just one minute and nine seconds, it will be late."

To Cleanse the System.

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

A MAN'S word is worth more at all other times than when he tells his wife that he has no money. — Atchison Globe.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Atchison, Mo., April 11, 1894.

SELFISHNESS is self robbery, no matter whether it dwells in a hut or in a palace.—Ram's Horn.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascarets, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

As the Persian proverb has it: "Do not burn the blanket to get rid of one flea." Burn the dog.

"Have you an account at Jones'?" "No! I did have; but he keeps a collector out with it now." — U. S. Date.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataract. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Lulu—"We girls are getting up a secret society of our own." George—"Indeed! What's the object?" Lulu—"I don't know yet, but I'll tell you all about it after I'm initiated."—Household Words.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE.—"You ride your wheel on Sunday, don't you?" "Yes, but I never run over anyone on that day."—Tit-Bits.

CURE your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The girl who has a beau is usually the first in the family to catch cold in the fall.—Atchison Globe.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Prudence and industry are the best safeguards against hard luck.—Chicago Standard.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile that not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings,"—and

Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed! You can be cured!

How? By using

Safe Cure

We can give you incontrovertible proof from men and women, former sufferers.

But to-day well, and stay so.

There is no doubt of this. Twenty years experience proves our words true.

Write to-day for free treatment blank.

Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

A. N. K.—E. 1627

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.



"A Good Foundation."

BattleAx
PLUG

Lay your foundation with "Battle Ax." It is the corner stone of economy. It is the one tobacco that is both BIG and GOOD. There is no better. There is no other 5-cent plug as large. Try it and see for yourself.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.
THURSDAY, Nov. 19, 1896



PROMISED PROSPERITY.

THE Marshal printing company, of Lexington, Ky., made an assignment last week.

At Reading, Pa., the car shops have reduced the hours from ten to eight, and wages accordingly.

THE Golden Sceptre mining company, of Montana, has failed for nearly \$300,000, since McKinley was elected.

THE Monongahela river railroad bridge gang have had their wages cut down one-fourth, to make good campaign assessments.

THE Manhattan clothing and shoe company, of Dayton, O., has assigned, with liabilities of \$100,000, since the election.

WORKMEN of the Central glass company, Wheeling, W. Va., have had their wages cut down 20 per cent in the past week.

THE bakers of Elwood, Ind., have formed a trust and advanced the price of bread nearly 100 per cent, since McKinley was elected.

THE Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway property in Kansas has been placed in the hands of a receiver, since McKinley was elected.

THE Iowa savings bank, of Sioux City, closed its doors on the 10th inst. Steady withdrawal of deposits and inability to realize on securities the cause.

THE Royer wheel works, at Lebanon, Ky., made a reduction of 10 per cent in the wages of the workmen directly after it was known how the election went.

THE glass bottle manufacturers, in Pennsylvania, have cut down the wages of the workmen, decreased the output 25 per cent and advanced the price of goods 5 per cent.

BUSINESS failures go right along

since McKinley's election. Jos. Zimmerman, dealer in dry goods, etc., Jackson, Tenn., made an assignment, with liabilities of about \$18,000.

THE election of McKinley and the consequent raise in the tariff soon, has caused the sugar trust to advance the price of all refined sugars, albeit they have immense quantities of raw sugar on hand.

THE National printing company, one of the largest publishing concerns in the city of Louisville, has been forced to the wall on account of lack of trade, superinduced by the promised prosperity of the gold standard.

More Crankiness.

Commonwealer J. S. Coxe has called a conference of all the friends of the initiative and referendum and other reforms to meet at the Lindell hotel, St. Louis, January 12, 1897. At this meeting a platform will be presented declaring for the demonetization of gold as well as silver, state ownership of all railroads, highways, waterways and telegraph and telephone lines; municipal ownership of all street car lines, waterworks, market houses, electric light and gas plants, woman's suffrage and election of president by direct vote of the people. Also that national banks should loan money to the at cost.



When Wm. J. Bryan was at Worcester, Mass., on the afternoon of September 25, he beheld upon the factory of Wm. H. Burns & Co. some decorations that created comment all over the United States. There was a big portrait of McKinley sewed on an American flag; at and close by it was a red flag of anarchy equally large, decorated with a picture of Mr. Bryan. This display angered the Democrats in the heart of the commonwealth, although Mr. Bryan paid no attention to it. That night the factory was burned by an unknown incendiary, and Bryan supporters were charged with setting it. State Fire Marshal Whitcomb has been at work on the case ever since. As a result of his labor it is expected that an arrest or arrests will soon be made. Curious to say the suspected people are not Bryan people or Democrats, but are prominent supporters of the successful candidate for president. The fire marshal is not yet prepared to give any information, but enough has been learned to warrant this: Mr. Whitcomb, it is said, started his investigation with the belief that Democrats or Bryan men caused the conflagration, but he has since been convinced of his error. He has enough evidence toward his claim to take one or more persons into court to explain their connection with it. If the suspected are arrested, the sensation will be one of the greatest the fire marshal's office has ever sprung.

You owe this office on subscription and you must pay it. If you agreed to pay corn bring in your corn; if produce of any kind produce it. Printers, like all other mortals, must have something on which to subsist or they won't exist, and now is the time to whack up.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self addressed envelope. The National Star Building, Chicago.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents will please bear in mind that all communications must be received at this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure publication in the current issue.]

MORGAN COUNTY.

Maytown Missiles.

Mrs. R. A. Day is very sick. Andy Phipps is on the sick list. S. G. Sample, of Ezel, was in town today on business.

F. H. Love and O. E. Huff, commercial tourists, interviewed our merchants yesterday.

Miss Kate Crouch, of Illinois, a very intelligent young lady, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jeff Day.

Edmond Lawson died Sunday night at the home of L. Honaker, and was buried today in the public graveyard at this place.

Miss Nannie Day, in company with Mr. Charlie Lyons, in going to Union in a buggy, last Sunday, the horse got scared, ran away, turned the buggy over and made it into kindling wood, harness all gone except hames and collar, and strange to say neither seriously hurt, but look to be five years older.

Nov. 17. WINGLESS.

Consolation Chat.

Arbor day was observed with us, and we succeeded in transplanting till our school yard looks much better and we hope to see the fruits of our work in all their splendor. Each and every pupil present aided joyfully in this good work and thus it was a gala day at Consolation.

Little Jake Taylor had his face and neck very badly burned with hot water water Tuesday.

Uncle Pete Johnson and family have moved to Catlettsburg.

WOLFE COUNTY.

Stillwater Sprays.

Corn husking is the order of the day.

Sam H. Wilson went to Holly last Sunday.

Mrs. M. K. Wilson is on the sick list this week.

Leander Pence was in our neighborhood last week.

John Phillips, of Natural Bridge, visited his mother on Stillwater last week.

Elder Adams preached in our neighborhood last Thursday night to a large crowd.

There was to have been a wedding last week, but as the knot wasn't tied will not mention any names.

Miss Lillie Byrd, of this neighborhood, visited her uncle, Campbell Byrd, at Campton last week. She was accompanied by Birdie Sample.

Died, at the residence of uncle Jess Rose, on Stillwater, uncle Jim Samples. He lived to be an old man, but the angel rapped at his chamber on the 7th inst., and he had to go. Our sympathy is with the bereaved friends who are left behind.

Nov. 16. RUBE.

Wonderful are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and yet it is only because as the one true blood purifier, it makes pure, rich, healthy, life-giving blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily, yet promptly. 25c.

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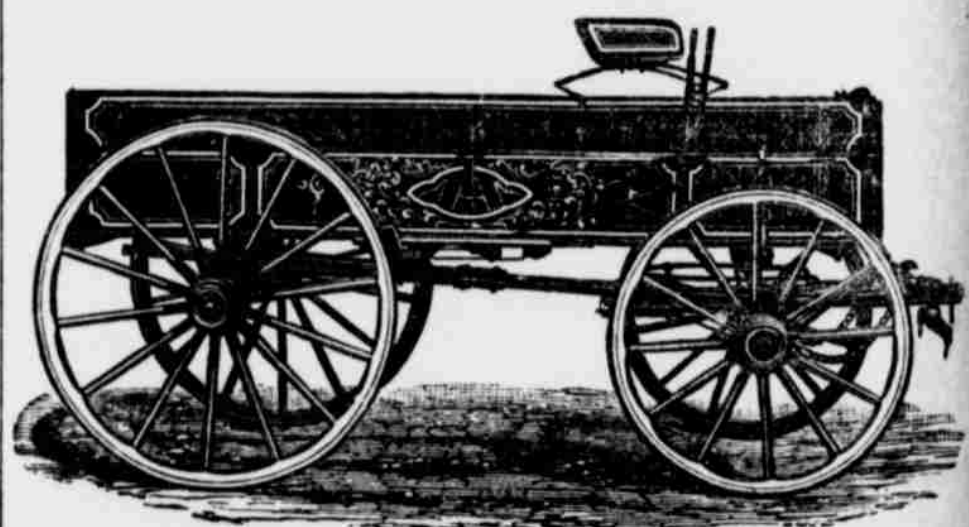
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Next week we will put on sale 100 pairs of MEN'S ALL-WOOL BLACK CHEVIOT PANTS at

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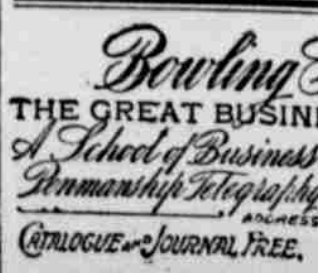
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LATE STATE NEWS.

A pumpkin pie factory is the latest industry opened up in Wayne county.

Persickles Scott, one of Lexington's pioneers, died last week, aged 88 years.

It is thought an extra session of the legislature will soon be called by Governor Bradley.

Notice of contest has been filed by J. Soule Smith against R. P. Stoll in the Lexington district.

An old grudge caused the fatal shooting of G. E. Land by John Northeutt, near Lebanon, last week.

At Cynthiana, ex-convict Wren was held over in the sum of \$2,000 on the charge of beating his wife.

The electric street railway, at Frankfort, was stopped last week. Receipts not enough to pay expenses.

Mrs. Eugenia Elrod, who sued the Adams express company for \$30,000 damages, at Louisville, lost her case.

W. B. Duvall, an Owen county farmer, presented the editor of the Owen News with a beet weighing 17 1/2 pounds.

Alonzo Huddleston fell from a bridge near Russellville and was killed. A bottle of whisky in his pocket escaped injury.

It is said that the Republican school board at Newport is "flat busted" almost and there is a great hustling around for funds.

Jim Burke, the negro who shot Peter Shea, near Lusby Mills, Owen county, Saturday before the election, was given a life sentence.

A woman gave birth to a bouncing boy while passing through King's mountain tunnel on a south bound passenger train the other day.

James Fagan, the man who threw a lighted cigar into Secretary Carlisle's face after he had spoken in Covington, was fined \$10 and costs.

Northeutt & Co., of Lancaster, slaughtered 25,000 turkeys for the eastern markets last year, and this season they expect to increase this to 30,000.

The Kentucky Colonel is the name of a new publication that will be issued in magazine form each Sunday by several literary young men at Paducah.

The Burns-Garden case has been compromised at Greenup, each side paying its own costs. Garden sued Burns for \$5,000 for the seduction of his daughter.

All Democrats who voted the Palmer, or McKinley ticket at the recent election are barred from voting at the Democratic primary soon to be held in Fleming county.

Joseph Riley and King Spencer engaged in a shooting frolic near Argillite, Greenup county, last week. Five shots were exchanged between them, but neither was hurt.

Throughout the state Republican pie grabbers are at work. Almost every postoffice has from three to five aspirants to handle the mail under the incoming administration.

A Panther creek correspondent makes the startling statement that within two months thirty-six persons have died of typhoid fever within a radius of five miles of Panther, Daviess county.

D. P. Coulter, who mysteriously disappeared from his home in Mayfield in October, has been located in Bowie county, Texas. He is said to be mentally deranged, and it is said that he is destitute.

An internal revenue inspector visited the saloons and drug stores in Frankfort and inspected the liquors on hand. He found the stock watered in a number of places and these will have to pay fines ranging from \$50 to \$500 each.

A Graves county girl is said to have swapped a boy a kiss, says the Murray Ledger. She failed to come up to her part of the bargain. The young fellow

took it anyhow, and is now in jail served out a \$75 fine for breach of the peace.

While opossum hunting on Little Blaine, in Elliott county, Jim Rutherford fell over a 20-foot cliff and sustained injuries that may prove fatal. In addition to internal hurts, an arm was broken, several ribs fractured, and his knee badly twisted.

Since the election plenty of gold has been in circulation in Boyle county, and Sheriff Baughman says he is getting every day for taxes. The old colored man takes great delight in planking down the yellow metal for his Sheriff's receipt, but where does he get the gold?

A Mayfield woman who has studied church fairs pretty carefully thus defines them: "A church fair is a place where we can spend more money than we can afford to for things we don't want, in order to please people we don't like, and to help the heathens who are happier than we."

Bob Farrell, the noted convict, died last week in the Frankfort penitentiary. He was sent up from Mason county for life for killing Thomas Calvert. It was charged on trial that Farrell had betrayed Calvert's daughter, and when Calvert sought to bring him to account for it, Farrell killed him.

A phenomenon was observed in the southern sky about 9 o'clock Monday night by a few of our citizens. There was evidently a fire—a barn or house burning—in a southerly direction from town, and high in the heavens, just over the fire, was what appeared to be a very large comet, but what was really the reflection through the clouds of the fire.—Bath County World.

Henry Blankinship, who claimed to be the oldest man in Kentucky, died at his home, near Fairview, last week, of a complication of diseases, aged 120 years. He was born in Virginia in 1776, he said, and moved to Kentucky, and married years before the war of 1812. He was the father of 15 children, 11 of whom are still living, the oldest being past 80 years of age.

In Christian county several physicians were fined \$20 each for neglecting to report births and deaths. They took the case to the court of appeals to test the constitutionality of the law. The appellate court decided that the law was constitutional, but reversed the decision because the state auditor and county clerk had not provided the proper blanks on which the physicians could make their returns.

The People's telephone company, of Ashland, will extend their wires at once to connect with the system now traversing Carter, Elliott, Lawrence and Morgan counties. This will furnish communication with a mountain country heretofore cut off except by messenger service. Lines will also soon be built to connect Louisa with the Big Sandy valley circuit penetrating Pike county with a lower terminus at Richardson.

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THE YEAR 1896

promises to be the most exciting in our political history. The Legislature meets January 7, and at once the Senatorial contest opens. Congress will daily debate matters of first importance.

The Venezuelan affair will greatly affect the course of parties.

National conventions will be held in June and July.

The election in November will be full of surprises.

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